

THE RISING SON
LEWIS WOODS, Business Manager.
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Correspondents wanted in every city and town in this state. Write us. All news matter intended for publication should reach our office not later than Tuesday, of each week and must be signed by the writer not for publication, but as guarantee of authenticity.

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OLDEST NEGRO JOURNAL
... IN KANSAS CITY,
TWICE ALL
THE REST.

The paid circulation of **THE RISING SON** is more than double the combined circulation of all the other Kansas City colored weekly newspapers.

Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1903.
Office of the Postmaster,
Publishers, Rising Son,
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:
In response to your inquiry, I beg to say your publication is duly entered as second class matter at this office and regularly mailed.

Very respectfully,
J. H. HARRIS,
Postmaster.

The Rising Son is the only paper published by colored people in Kansas City, Mo., that is entered at the post office as second class mail.

MEAGER ACCOMMODATIONS FOR NEGRO THEATRE GOERS.

The accommodations which the managers of the Kansas City theatres extend their colored patrons is much worse this year than usual. While the treatment accorded their colored patrons has never been very considerate, it is less so now. Heretofore a section was set aside for negroes where they were all bunched together, but now they are invited to the gallery, where the toughest characters are wont to sit. The negroes of this city should force an intelligent resentment of this treatment by remaining away from the theatres for a season or so and use the money thus saved for some good purpose. Otherwise the gallery will become their regular section in the theatres.

NO NEGROES AT FOREST PARK.

The arrival of the cool autumn days effected the close of the season at Forest Park. The park is practically controlled by the Imperial Brewing Co., and we are told that during the entire summer a negro was not allowed to be seen in the park, not even to investigate or look around. If this is true, the negroes should show resentment by refusing to drink Imperial beer. If this is done, next year they may at least be allowed to enter the park and gaze upon the beautiful plants and flowers if nothing more.

President Roosevelt believes in merit, denounces lynch law in the most emphatic terms, defends equality among government employees and politely intimates to the labor unions that he is president of all the people of the United States. The president's policy, when carefully weighed, is found to be very just and his administration has been conducted in a manner wherein mistakes have not been allowed to creep in. In handling great and important matters affecting the nation, much care and forethought have been exercised and the result is that he is admired and esteemed by the American people regardless of political faith.

It is said that Mayor Reed has permitted the splendid accumulating of holes in the asphalt streets to continue uninterrupted in order to demonstrate to the rock-ribbed brethren from the rock-ribbed counties who may chance to attend Carnival how little his honor's rusticity has been affected by having twice been elected mayor of this growing metropolis.

A good name, a disposition and will to work and to save, plenty of good common sense, added to what learning in books one is able to acquire, will discount a thousand theories on "How to Solve the Negro Problem." In view of the above facts, the homely injunction, "Lay dead and saw wood," could never be more advantageously employed.

There seems to be a prevailing disposition on the part of the business interests regardless of politics to think that placing bonds in the hands of the present Democratic City Administration would be much the same as pouring water into the proverbial rat hole.

It will be interesting to know just what argument our colored brethren who have heretofore supported the Democratic party in general and Mayor Reed in particular will use to show why the latter should be elected governor.

If a corresponding amount of money, science and careful attention were given to the development of the human race as has been devoted to the development of the fast horse, evidently there would be a proportionate increase of two-minute men and women.

What with the trusts' investigations, boodle investigations and investigations of mobbing and lynchings, evil doers of high and low degree will alike be compelled to recognize the fact that laws are made to be respected and not broken.

A race that has at all times been patriotic and loyal to their country, that has never been accused of treason and has always obeyed the call to arms can't be wholly bad.

We protest that all the vices are not centered in the Negro race and deny most emphatically that all the virtues are the divine heritage of the white race.

Many a man who poses as the architect of his fortune would be in hard luck if the building inspector were on to his job.

The Negro must understand that along with education, endured or otherwise, he must get money.

A SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO HAS SAVED \$100,000 WITH WHICH TO COMMENCE.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 9.—I. J. Miller, a Negro of Columbia, S. C., said to have saved \$100,000 will open an exclusively Negro department store on Broad street, of this city. Negroes will conduct it in all the departments and the innovation will be watched with interest. He has rented No. 528 E. Broad street, an goods are arriving.—The Star.

FOURTEEN MISTAKES.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

Not to yield all immaterial matters.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Need Air and Light.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie writes to the Pilot that millionaires are giving libraries and institutions to the toilers in the cities, but no one has as yet thought to give them air and light in the shape of more open spaces.

Victim of Superstition.
In accordance with superstitious custom a Hungarian girl was entering a chapel in Starnavay to toll the bell during a thunderstorm to ward off lightning when the chapel was struck and the girl killed.

New Mode of Exit.

Apropos of the recent blow, architect tells us that if a skyscraper were to fall in a storm it would not be by vibration, but by "buckling" at some point near the base, owing to continuous, steady pressure too great for its strength. Thanks should be returned for giving us the choice of being either vibrated or buckled out of existence.—New York Telegram.

The Composite House.

When Mr. Subbubs built a nest in which to house his bride, He borrowed from his friends the best ideas they had tried.

He borrowed here, he borrowed there—Smith's frieze and Green's veneer; He borrowed Johnson's port-cochere and Cooper's chandelier.

He borrowed Wilson's water tank, Park's pantry, Grady's grill; And then he borrowed from the bank The cash to pay the bill. —Lippincott's.

"JOHN"
By S. H. McCausland.
Copyrighted, 1903, by The Authors Pub. Co.

"Need some help?"

Job Allison straightened himself from his stooped position, leaned upon his scythe and looked critically at his interrogator.

"What kin ye do?"

The young man placed his hand upon the top rail of the fence and sprang lightly over, saying carelessly: "Oh, almost anything."

Again the farmer scrutinized him from head to foot. His lip gave a slightly disdainful curl as he said, sarcastically:

"Ye'll find a scythe hangin' in the tree yander; git it an' see ef ye kin keep outen my way."

The young man soon returned, and taking the proffered scythe-stone from Job's hand, drew it along the edge of the blade with a regularity, rapidity, and recklessness that made Job's eyes open. Then, swinging into position, he asked: "Ready?"

Farmer Allison nodded, rolled his sleeves a bit higher, spat upon his hands, and ordered: "Lead out."

The stranger "led out" with a pace Job Allison had not tackled in twenty years. For a dozen rods their scythes swung with perfect rhythm. Then the young man's athletic training came into play and in a few moments Allison's pantings sounded in his ears like the puffs of a receding locomotive and, finally ceased.

As he threw his scythe out, at the end, Allison turned and looked at the swath, straight as a line; the path smooth, clean and regular, then again critically eyed the stranger.

"What mout yer name be?"

"John."

Job had always prided himself on not being "one of them fellers whose tongues wag twice to their brains once." He was not quite satisfied with the answer, yet there was that mysterious something about this man that checked further inquiry.

"Well, John, ye kin stay."

Three years later he had learned these facts about that hired man:

He was an indefatigable worker, an expert farmer, honest, reliable, and his name was "John."

Up to ten years before the coming of John, Job had been a prosperous farmer. A few bad moves on the market chess-board, a few scourgings in Solomon's school, learning that "He that is a surety for a stranger shall smart for it," and his fine three-hundred acre farm had dwindled to sixty.

"I tell you, Marier, I'm agin it—everlastingly and eternally agin it. Fer why? Because I'm getting old and can't work the farm many years longer, and I'm opposed to Marier marryin' any pig-headed, higher-lutin', patent farmer as don't know the difference atween a post-hole and a pig-stool. And him a-settin' up on a high stool, with four walls around him, and a little winder on top, a-writin' things tellin' us fellers how to farm. Why, Marier, she's that ashamed of him she won't even tell his name."

Mrs. Allison seldom argued with Job on knotty points. It didn't pay. Besides, she knew that Marier usually had her way.

"They hain't no use talkin'," he continued. "I've worked nigh on to fifty year a-gittin' this farm, an' I perpose ter leave it to Marier ef—understan', Marier—I say ef—"

"If what, papa?"

Marier's gray eyes, brimming over with laughter, completely upset her



Scrutinized him from head to foot, father's equilibrium as she seated herself at the breakfast table.

"Why, I was jest a-tellin' yer ma—that is, I was jest a-sayin'—or, reether, I was jest a-goin' to say, ef you warn't too dead set about that feller, as how, mebbey, it 'ud be better fer you to wait a little while afore you git married. Of course, I want to see you do well. If you would wait, say a couple of years, mebbey—Hugh Danely 'ud—"

"I'll never marry Hugh Danely." "By Jeeminy, you shall."

"I will not."

Their eyes met; his determined, hers defiant.

He laid his knife and fork beside his plate, wiped his mouth upon the corner of the tablecloth, and shaking his finger at her threateningly, said: "Martha, I don't allow no child of mine to disobey me. Ef you don't want to mind, you kin go. You understand?"

She did understand; there was no mistaking his meaning now; he was desperately in earnest. She arose from her seat, pale and trembling. It was the last day of her annual six weeks' vacation.

For five years she had held a position in the Pension department at Washington, and during this period her father, through mercenary motives, had persistently used his influence to bring about a union between his daughter and Hugh Danely, a wealthy, but profligate young man, who held a lien upon his remaining property.

To Danely's wooings and her father's importunities she had turned a deaf ear, pleading time in which to decide this momentous question.



Strode up and down in a torrent of passion.

An hour later, as she stood waiting for a conveyance to take her to the station, her father said: "Marthy, I'd like to know what you've done with all yer wages in these five years. I reckon ye ain't got no objections to tellin'?"

"Oh! certainly not," she replied; "I have loaned the money to that 'pig-headed farmer,' who is spending it on his education."

"The devil you did! Then it's my opinion—"

The slam of the carriage door and the rattle of wheels, caused that valuable opinion to "lose its sweetness on the desert air."

Fifteen years before, he had stood on those steps watching the receding form of a young boy, an adopted child, until it was lost in the gloom of gathering darkness. For some trivial offense he had driven this youth from him to battle alone with the world.

A few minutes later a little girl hurried down the road, and throwing her arms around the boy's neck, begged him to return.

But no, John Allen Wilberton would make his own way through life, and some day—ah, how young and old delight to feast upon those delicious, though deceptive, promises of "some day."

"Goin'! Goin'! Goin'!"

Job Allison realized that the little home, for which he had given the best years of his life, was surely slipping from him. He had written Marier, asking her pardon for his hasty words, and begging her to reconsider her decision, and, by marrying Hugh Danely, save her aged parents from the humiliation of the "poor farm."

With his ear open to every sound of the auctioneer's voice, he paced nervously up and down the room. Would his letter reach her in time? And would she answer favorably? For the hundredth time he stopped and looked anxiously down the road.

"Gone!"

Job's head sank upon his breast as he exclaimed, in the bitterness of despair, "I will laugh at your calamity." He felt that this was a just retribution for his heartless cruelty toward little "Al" and Marier.

Great was his surprise to learn that, through a purchasing agency, the property had fallen to John, who had left his service a few days previous.

Sitting on his front porch, with head bowed in abject, hopeless despondency, Marier's belated reply was handed him. With reviving hope and trembling fingers, he tore it open. Its first sentence caused his heart to sink. It read:

"Dear Papa—I freely forgive you, but cannot accommodate you by marryin' Hugh."

He threw the inoffensive bit of paper down and set his foot upon it as if to crush it out of existence. He strode up and down in a torrent of passion, muttering vengeance on the whole human race.

As his anger subsided his mood changed. His mind went back to the time when there was no happier home than that of Job Allison's. His mind wandered to the village churchyard, where lay four of his loved ones. Marier was the only child left to him, and he had tried to barter away her honor and her happiness. A choking sensation came into his throat and the hot tears coursed down his aged cheeks as he remembered that he had no longer a home to which he could ever again welcome her.

His eyes rested upon the unfinished letter; he picked it up and read:

"Will be home to-morrow, to stay. Have just married the 'pig-headed farmer,' the boy whom you drove from home fifteen years ago. He calls himself 'John.'"

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Statement as made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business Feb. 6, 1903.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$5,981,798.86.
U. S. Bonds, at par.....	\$ 825,000.00
Municipal Bonds at par.....	\$27,441.14
Cash and Sigat Exchange.....	\$1,180,685.29
	\$5,081,126.48
Total.....	\$11,012,924.79

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 600,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	\$600,000.00
Undivided profits.....	78,771.60
Unearned interest.....	\$4,958.00
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....	428,000.00
Deposits.....	\$516,170.17
	\$11,122,924.79

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